

SHRINES.

A holy shrine or sacred place where many hearts have bowed in earnest prayer. The sacred spirits congregate from space around their sweet uplifting influence.

In a chamber you pray oft and well, and those angel messengers arrive and make their home with you, and where they dwell.

A holy toll and purpose shall state. A humble, plainly furnished room, adorned with presences, serene and bright. The heart therein forgets its doom. A simple gorgeous temple filled with light.

From heavenly spirits, glorious and divine. The only in the atmosphere of prayer. You yourself a sacred, fervent shrine. And you will find them swiftly flocking there. From Wheeler Wilcox in New York Mercury.

WORK OF THE FALCONER.

A Little Trouble to Take Care of the Hawks—Duties in Detail.

A falconer who has the exclusive care of half a dozen trained birds, whether hawks or hawks, or both, finds little time hanging heavily on his hands. By the time he has moved out his charges to the lawn and set their nocturnal abode in order, he will have got an appetite for his own breakfast. Then there is the business of feeding those hawks which are to be fed, and perhaps exercising most of them in the manner so graphically described by Isaac Walton. Then the bath or baths must be filled, and the hawks which are to be indulged with that luxury moved to a place where they can jump in and splash about to their hearts' delight.

Then the plan of the day's campaign must be arranged, having regard to wind and weather, and the chance of where the quarry is most likely to be found, and when the day's work in the field is over the falconer's day is not nearly done. There is the "feeding up" of the hawks that have not been allowed, or have not had time, to "take their pleasure" on the quarry. Everything depends upon getting out to the hungry creatures just that quantity of food which will keep them in full health and strength, but without overfeeding them, so making them inactive on the morrow. If a feather has been broken by some accident during the day it must be mended at once, if a jess is worn out it must be replaced. The feet and beaks of all the hawks should be cleansed, their books seen to, and the lures made ready for use on another day. Nor let it be forgotten that there is such a thing as being a hawk. When this disaster happens the country is secured till dark in search of the truant, and if not found, the falconer, before break of day, is again on the lookout with his lure in hand.

A successful falconer lies on no bed of roses. Only constant attention will make his hawks find him. But when they are so, he stands among them a friend among faithful friends. At a sign from him they will jump toward him, and at his first appearance—in the words of the old sportsman—"they rejoice." The character of each of them is for hawks differ in character as much as men and women—is as well known to him as his own. He knows what can be done with each; and thus he is still able to carry on the most difficult of all sports without the disappointments that have frightened away from it less patient and preserving tyros.—English Illustrated Magazine.

What Darwin's Hypothesis Suggested. What Darwin's hypothesis suggested was not that man was descended from the monkey, but that both man and monkey may be descendants of a common progenitor—a common type now extinct, and of which no indisputable traces have yet been found. From this common type or ground form, so to speak, the process of development may, according to Darwin, have resulted in two distinct branches, or offshoots—the one branch of development ending in the monkey tribe, the other branch ending in man. It is, in the absence of any certain traces of the extinct common progenitor, not a subject on which to dogmatize, but is a theory or hypothesis, in the opinion of Darwin, and many other scientists after him, the best account for the morphological development of man, viewed merely from the physical side.—Chamber's Journal.

Human Vivisection Reached at Last. The anti-vivisectionists predicted, some years ago, that the investigators to whom the "anti" would come as a common type or ground form, so to speak, the process of development may, according to Darwin, have resulted in two distinct branches, or offshoots—the one branch of development ending in the monkey tribe, the other branch ending in man. It is, in the absence of any certain traces of the extinct common progenitor, not a subject on which to dogmatize, but is a theory or hypothesis, in the opinion of Darwin, and many other scientists after him, the best account for the morphological development of man, viewed merely from the physical side.—Chamber's Journal.

Pet Terrapins in a Pen. A Georgia sportsman visited a person pen the other day, where were confined 300 of these costly little turtles. When their keeper rapped on the pen, they crowded about like a drove of hogs, and showed like eagerness to tackle the feed, which was shrimps, crabs, and small fish.—New York Sun.

The American Colony in Paris. The American colony is fast decreasing. The English colony is larger, but the two do not mingle freely, even maintaining different geographical identity.—New York Graphic.

The Delicate Sense of Smell. The spectroscopic—capable of indicating the millionth part of a milligram of sodium—has been regarded as the most delicate of all means of analysis. However, it proves to be far less delicate, however, by that of the sense of smell. The European investigations have shown that the nerves of the nose are not affected by one 400,000,000th part of a milligram of mercaptan—a milligram being only .0154 of a grain. And such is the delicacy of human smell, that what the "minuteman" of the smallest particle which may produce an impression on the nose of a dog.—Arkansas Traveler.

Some Peculiarities of the Oyster.

Probably there is to-day no man in the country who is a better judge of oysters than Mr. T. W. Wilson, the sole survivor and representative of an ancient oyster firm in Fulton market, and there is no one better acquainted with its characteristics. He is thoroughly familiar with the subject. He can tell you what the oyster feeds upon and how it takes its food. He can point out to you its gills, its liver, its stomach, its mouth and its heart, which beats only once a minute if the oyster has been sometime out of water, or if impaired or torn by opening.

He may say to you that if a person notices approaches an oyster bed where the oysters are feeding, every shell will be instantly closed, because oysters can hear as quickly as a cat; that the oyster adheres to the shell at four different points, two on each section; that a single oyster may have 60,000,000 eggs, and that the actual bulk or volume of one of them would only be about one two hundred and fifty millionth of a cubic inch. He may explain to you the cause of the green color of oysters, and convince you that they are just as wholesome and well flavored as the whitest oyster you ever ate. Possibly he may say to you that an oyster is never "fat," although it may be plump. This plumpness is owing to a deposit of matter which it has assimilated and laid away under its "mantle," and it is this delicate, easily digested substance which renders the oyster so wholesome and nutritious.—New York Market Journal.

Gen. Grant's Expectation of Death.

"A year ago to-night," said one of those who watched about the Mount McGregor cottage for the first news of the general's death, "was one of greater suspense than marked any other all the time we were there. It was the eve of the Fourth of July and the anniversary of Grant's victory at Vicksburg. The general had become possessed of the idea that the day that had witnessed his first great triumph would also be the day of his death. He had been sinking visibly up till evening, and Dr. Douglas, partly because he was impressed with the same fatalistic idea, and because he feared that his patient's very expectation of death would bring the dissolution about, was all a tremble with apprehension for the issue of the night. Toward midnight he left the cottage, and rambling down the mountain side I met him. He was nervous and unstrung as though it was his own death he feared. We lay down on the grass in the moonlight and talked until 2 o'clock. The first beams of daylight came without the dread and gloom having appeared at the cottage to usher in the celebration of Grant's last anniversary of Vicksburg. Grant did not die that night, but he fully expected to, and was completely contented at the prospect."—"Uncle Bill" in Chicago Herald.

Improvement of the Locomotive.

There is still ample room for advancement and improvement in the building of locomotives, both as to speed and power, not taking into consideration the question of durability. The improvement of the locomotive was very slow for many years, but of late there have been wonderful accomplishments in this important branch of railroad equipment. But few years have elapsed since the time when a statement to the effect that an engine made speed equal to one mile a minute would have been not only discredited, but scoffed at. Gradually, however, the impression that sixty miles an hour would never be attained has been worn away, and locomotives are now turned out of the works which promise even greater achievements, some being placed at the marvelous speed of seventy-six to seventy-eight miles per hour. Power has not been neglected, and the old, camel-backs, which first drew heavy trains over the Alleghenies, are being supplanted by the still more powerful Moguls. But the axle has not yet been reached. With the increased demand for speed and power will come the machines to meet it, perfect though the locomotive of to-day may now seem.—"E. H. D." in Globe-Democrat.

Sufficient to Replenish the Earth.

An English naturalist remarks that it is a sad reflection that, while the turtle lays 14,000,000 eggs, not more than one, on an average, ever lives to reach maturity. In fish, generally, it takes yearly at least 100,000 eggs for each individual to keep up the average of its species. In frogs and amphibians, a few hundred are amply sufficient. Reptiles often lay only a much smaller number. In birds, which hatch their own eggs and feed their young, from two to ten eggs per annum are quite sufficient to replenish the earth. Among mammals, three or four at a birth is a rare number, and many of the larger sorts produce one calf or foal at a time only. In the human race at large a total of five or six children for each married couple makes up the whole lifetime makes up sufficiently for infant mortality and all other sources of loss, though among savages a far higher rate is usually necessary. In England an average of four and a half children per family suffices to keep the population stationary.—Chicago Herald.

Rivalry Between the East and West.

"This question of the rivalry of the east and west," continued the gentleman, "grows more important every year. The Atlantic seacoast, with New York as its head center, becomes more and more antagonistic to the interests of the west, and it is only a question of time when there will be a great party of the east opposed to one of the west and south. The elements for such parties are forming, and it seems to me when they crystallize that the reign of New York will be for the time over, and that the great west will rule. The west has now the major part of the voting population of the United States and it is in the infancy of its growth, while the east is far advanced."

"Might such a state of affairs lead to the moving of the national capital to the west or center of the country?" "Not Washington City will continue to be the capital of the United States. The railroad and the telegraph have made all parts of the country near to each other, and there is not the reason for a central capital as in the past. If you will look over the world you will find that the great capitals are seldom in the center of the population over which they govern. London is in a corner of Great Britain, Paris is in the north of France, Pekin is in the east of China, Berlin is in the north of the German empire, and St. Petersburg is away off on one side of Russia. Then there is too much money invested in Washington, both by politicians and the people, to ever allow of a change of the capital. The senators and

representatives now own private property in Washington running high into the millions, and there will always be large individual interests owned by the men who control such movements. The government buildings of Washington are worth at least \$100,000,000, and the parks are worth many millions more. Then there are the historical associations of nearly 100 years of our government. No, I don't think the capital can ever be moved, and I don't think it should be."

A Few Facts Concerning Coral.

The value of coral depends on its color and size. The white or rose-tinted variety stands highest in popular esteem, perhaps chiefly because it is the rarest. It is mostly found in the straits of Messina and on some parts of the African and Sardinian coasts. The bright red coral, in which the polyps are still living, which it is stated up stands next in value. Dead coral has a duller tint, and is consequently sold at a lower price. Two entirely different substances bear the name of black coral. One of them is not, properly speaking, coral at all, and it is commercially worthless, as it breaks into flakes instead of yielding to the knife, though it is often sold as a costly curiosity to foreigners. The other is the common red coral which has undergone a sea change, probably through the decomposition of the living beings that once built and inhabited it. It is not much admired in Europe, but in India it commands high prices, so that large quantities of it are exported every year.

These are the four important distinctions of color, though there, of course, include intermediate tints which rank according to their clearness and brilliancy. The size is a still more important matter. The thickness of the stem of the coral plant—we use the commercial and entirely unscientific expression—determines its price, and many a branch of red coral is valued more highly on account of its thickness than a smaller piece of the choicer rose coral. The reason for this is clear. A large, straight piece of material affords an opportunity to the artificer; a crooked one, if it is only bulky enough, can at least be turned into large beads; mere points and fragments can only be used for smaller ones, or made into those horns which are said to be invaluable against the evil eye, but which do not command a high price in the market, perhaps because it is overstocked.—Saturday Review.

Providing for New York's "Unwashed."

New York provides liberally for its "free unwashed" in a fleet of eleven free baths which are moored at different points in the East and North rivers. These baths are big brown houses, looking like half of a packing box, with two doors on the land side with which egress and ingress is had to the bath. These boxes are moored with two strong cables and ride at anchor. The largest of them is at the battery, and resembles the old picture-book representations of Noah's ark, with the American flag flying from the peak.

Access to these baths is had by means of a broad gang-plank, and an unruly rush is prevented by the presence of a big, good-natured policeman. The baths are open from 5 in the morning until 9 at night, and are a popular resort for all the men and boys who can not go to the beaches. They are clean, under control of bathmen, and those frequenting them are subject to rules and regulations governing them. At the battery is a free bath for girls and women, at a short distance from that of the boys, but at the other places alternate days are given to women.—Cor. Chicago Journal.

An Idea in Teaching Children.

The setting aside of the will of the late A. D. Dittmar, of Lancaster, who left \$80,000 to ascertain what children were created to do, leaves it for some one else to try to develop his curious idea. One of the features of the institution which he hoped to found was a room containing musical instruments, tools and the various trades, and other appliances. When a child was brought to be entered into the institution it was to be taken into this room and its actions observed. If the little one's inclination led it to the musical instruments, it was to be educated as a musician. If its desires tended toward the plane and the saw, a carpenter's trade would be taught it, and so on through the list of occupations.—The Argonaut.

Street railways in 233 cities and towns of this country are said to have in use 84,500 horses and 16,350 cars.

Eighty onions are popular in Boston.

A Paris parrot lived 123 years.

A Queer Animal from Japan.

An animal whose identity is at present unknown, was landed in San Francisco lately from the interior of Japan, where it was said to have been found. At a certain age he speaks of himself as "a little floppy and soppy tadpole"—little more than a stomach with a tail on it, flattening and wriggling like a tadpole in the crystal ripples, and the pure sands of the spring-head of youth.—Exchange.

The Head Cook and His Art.

A New York head cook talks hopefully about the condition of his art. He says that the taste for highly spiced food a few years ago had destroyed all discrimination, so that an artist had no better chance in the kitchen than a bungler. Now, however, the cooking schools and other elevating influences have enabled skill to be recognized.—Chicago Herald.

A Petrified Head and Hat.

A petrified head and hat were found recently at Chimney Point, on Lake Champlain, New York. The curiosity was found in a marble and granite quarry. It was found on the bank of the lake, where it had been washed from a grave in what in the olden time was a French burial ground.—Chicago Times.

Six and One-Half Tons of Diamonds.

It is estimated that the aggregate weight of the diamonds taken from the South African fields up to the present time is six and one-half tons, of the total value of \$300,000,000.

Greek Royalty on Roller Skates.

The Oldest Son of Brigham.

John W. Young, the oldest son of Brigham, is the leader of the Mormon lobby at Washington, and is said to possess many of the personal characteristics of his father. His mother was the first of Brigham's seven wives.—Detroit Free Press.

FOUNDING THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

An Institution That Has Cost the Family More Than \$1,000,000.

John Jacob Astor, whose remarkable career has shaped the destiny of Lafayette place, died in 1848. His will contained a codicil in these words: "Desiring to render a public benefit to the city of New York, and to contribute to the advancement of useful knowledge and the general good of society, I do by this codicil appoint \$1,000,000 out of my real estate to the establishment of a public library in the city of New York." The instrument then gave specific directions as to how the money should be applied, and appointed by name eleven trustees, including, in addition to the gentlemen before named, the mayor of the city, the grand juror, Charles Astor Bristed, Washington Irving was the first president of the trustees, and Mr. Cogswell superintendent of the new institution. The edifice, 65 feet front by 120 deep, was built of brown stone, in the Byzantine style of architecture, and was completed in May, 1853.

In 1855 the trustees were presented with the adjoining lot, eighty feet front, by Mr. William Astor, who proceeded to erect a second edifice at his own cost, similar in most respects to the existing structure built by his father. This was completed and opened in 1859. The munificent gift of \$50,000 for the purchase of books soon followed; and by will, in 1875, a bequest of \$349,000 bore testimony to the interest with which the son of the original founder regarded the institution. He gave in all about \$550,000. In 1879 his son, John Jacob Astor, grandson of the first John Jacob Astor, contributed to the enduring monument by presenting three lots, in all seventy-five feet front, to the trustees and building thereon the third section of the great library in uniformity with its two predecessors. The outlay of the grandson, and the gift of the land, was some \$250,000. Thus this great benefice, bringing within reach of the American people a rare and diversified collection of standard works, literary and scientific treasures, a blessing to the present and all future generations, has cost the Astor family considerably more than \$1,000,000.

The alcoves are fruitful in historic associations. Here Washington Irving was often to be found, and for years Horace Greeley's inkstand, pen and paper decorated the table reserved for his use. Almost every notable writer in the country has, one way or another, left his footprints here. One alcove has its old story of being haunted; and the neighboring Sands mansion has also its ghost, which in former times had a curious way of frequenting the library, as if seeking congenial companionship, on winter evenings whenever the eminent Dr. Cogswell chanced to be alone.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Summit of Our Continent.

Professor Iglesias, of San Luis Potosi, maintains that the barometrical measurements of the Mexican mountains have been formulated without due allowance for the influence of the coast climate, and that Mount Orizaba, not Popocatepetl, is the summit of the North American continent. It is certainly the finest mountain of the Mexican Cordilleras. Its rival humps its broad back above the naked hills of the central plateau, while Orizaba lifts its symmetrical cone high above the pine summits of the coast range, as the only snow-peak which the mariners of the gulf can view in its full grandeur. The height exceeds that of Mont Blanc by at least 2,000 feet.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

Gathering Honey on the Nile.

In Egypt, on the River Nile, as well as in Italy, on the Po, the custom of traveling for bee pasturage has been continued from the remotest ages to the present time, as there is about seven weeks' difference in the vegetation on the upper and lower Nile. Large fleets of boats holding from sixty to 100 hives of bees and float slowly along as the vegetation advances. The sinking of the boat to a certain depth in the water indicates when they have filled the hives with honey.—Chicago Times.

Action of Sunlight on Fire.

It is a mooted question whether the sunlight falling upon an ordinary wood fire retards the process of combustion. This is a popular notion, and one writer says it looks as though the fire burned more feebly when the sun shines full upon it. It is now alleged by scientific men that there may be some influence produced by the action of the sun.—Boston Budget.

Husk in His Young Days.

Mr. Ruskin gives in his recently published chapters of "Pretoria" some interesting details of his student years. At a certain age he speaks of himself as "a little floppy and soppy tadpole"—little more than a stomach with a tail on it, flattening and wriggling like a tadpole in the crystal ripples, and the pure sands of the spring-head of youth.—Exchange.

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King George of Greece, who is said to be tired of his throne, is one of the most popular monarchs in Europe. He is the son of the king of Denmark, and has always sighed after the climate and scenes of his northern home. For the first few years of his reign he was specially insoluble for the lack of skating facilities, but finally had a roller skating rink erected near the royal estates. Every afternoon he dons his roller skates and, accompanied by Queen Olga, gives himself up to his favorite sport for an hour. Her majesty frequently joins him in his amusement, and excels him in skill and dash. On a privileged few are allowed to witness this royal recreation. After

their skating bout their majesties hasten to the palace and dine with their entourage, but occasionally on family—Chicago Times.

ABOUT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Composition of the Soil—Its Productiveness—The Climate—Lung Diseases.

About one-half of southern California is desert, not "only in name," as Mr. Nordhoff has said of some of it, but pitiless, uncompromising reality; where fully three-fourths of the rest will forever defy the plow. Yet, nearly all that very barren, heavily lie up the outside, and further acquaintance soon reveals a large amount of land the richness and adaptability of which to a wide range of productions are far beyond the conception of any one accustomed only to the eastern or prairie states. The soil is mostly composed of disintegrated granite, mixed in some places with disintegrated quartz. Tracts of red or dark clay, known as adobe, are also common, and this is the strongest of all soils, enduring cropping with wheat longer than any other. But the greater part of the land is of decomposed granite, and this is not only the best fruit land, but for "all around" purposes for richness, combined with ease of working, can not be excelled anywhere. Soil that at a casual glance appears to be almost pure sand, or fine flakes of mica, proves surprisingly rich.

Southern California will produce with proper care nearly every kind of tree, shrub, grass, grain, herb or tuber that is at all common or useful in the temperate zone, together with a large number of those of the tropics. What irrigation is not always absolutely essential, it invariably doubles or quadruples the yield, and irrigable land therefore sells at from three to ten times the price at which the other good begging for a buyer. Three acres in alfalfa will keep an ordinary family in milk, butter and pork, and two more well managed will supply it with vegetables and eggs. This is the case on the land irrigated. On dry land one may have to wait a year or two for rain enough to plant anything from which an immediate living may be had. With proper irrigation combined with careful cultivation, the most astonishing results may be achieved, and now that irrigation is being managed on scientific principles, on the old shifting sands, the soil can style the increase in production is simply marvelous.

Nearly all that has been written about the productiveness of southern California is literally true. Like all countries it raises three kinds of fruit—good, bad, and indifferent. Its best fruit is the best in the world, the very worst. It is a common remark in Chicago and the east that California fruit is insipid, and much of it is; not, however, because grown in California, but for the reason that it is over-irrigated. The California fruit grower knows that the world judges fruit mainly by its size. He knows it is quite useless to fill the world with smaller fruit may be of better flavor, so he boasts it with water under a warm sun until it represents a fair, but false exterior. But such mistaken methods are rapidly disappearing. Fine budded varieties of oranges have taken the place of the sour and worthless seedlings that formerly made of the California orange a byword and a reproach. At the New Orleans exposition the California oranges received the highest award over their Florida competitors, a thing which a few years since would have been impossible. Last year 1,200 car loads of California oranges found a ready sale in the country tributary to Chicago. Almost an equal improvement is visible in other things. Raisins well cured and packed no longer have to beg a purchaser, and California wines are now beginning to rank as worthy of consideration.

The climate of southern California is very dry and bracing. Warm in the daytime, it is always cool at night, and the invalid finds here a sure relief from the biting chills of temperance, that makes life in the east or middle west a constant source of irritation and danger to them. And still the idea that southern California is a vast sanitarium, a cure-all for all throat and lung diseases, in particular, is a great mistake. False ideas of climate often spring not alone from the invalid's own imagination, but are propagated by fool friends.

Any one so far gone with consumption that he can only sit down in a hotel and keep up his strength with tonic until the air can cure him had better stay at home. No part of the world can offer him any hope. To one with sufficient strength to live almost out of doors for 320 days in the year, where every prospect pleases and temptations to walk, ride, hunt or stroll are on every hand, and where cold and dampness are reduced to a minimum—to one who can take advantage of these conditions California holds out great hopes of benefit. No climate offers any positive medicine that can be relied upon as a cure, but that of California offers a freedom from exciting or aggravating causes of disease, combined with a set of conditions of cure, that no other inhabitable land, taken the year round, can offer.—Review of Van Dyke's "Southern California."

LIFE AMONG THE ALASKANS.

How the Original Settlers of Our New Territory Enjoy Home Life.

Chummy squaws were squatting in rows along shore as we lounged about the village; hideous bucks—I trust they were not framed in the image of their Maker—ill-shapen lads, dumpy, expressionless babies, green-complexioned half-breeds, sat and looked on with utter indifference. Many of the Haida Indians have kinky or wavy hair, Japanese or Chinese eyes, and most of them too out; but they are, all things considered, the least interesting, the most ungainly and the most unpicturesque of people. If there is work for them to do they do it, quite heedless of the presence of inquisitive pale-faced spectators. Indeed, they seem to look down upon the white man, and perhaps they have good reasons for doing so. If there is no work to be done they are not in the least disconcerted.

I very much doubt if a Haida Indian, or any other Indian for that matter, knows what it is to be bored or to find time hanging heavily on his hands. I took note of one such who sat for four solid hours without once changing his position. He might have been sitting there still but that his squaw routed him out after a lively monologue, to which he was an apparently disinterested listener. At last he arose with a grunt, adjusted his blanket, stooping to his knees and bailed it out; then he entered and paddled leisurely to the shore, where he disappeared in the forest. Filth was everywhere and evil odors, but far, far aloft the eagles were soaring, and the branches of a withered tree near the settlement were filled with crows as big as

dugeons. Once in a while some one or another took a shot at them—and missed. This time passed.

Killisoan is situated in a cozy little cove. It is a rambling village that climbs over the rocks and narrowly escapes being pretty, but it manages to escape. Most of the lodges are built of logs, have small, square windows, with glass in them and curtains, and have also a kind of primitive chimney. We climbed among these lodges and found them quite deserted. The lodgers were all down at the dock. There were inscriptions on a few of the doors, the name of the tenant and a request to observe the sacredness of the hearth. This we were careful to do, but inasmuch as each house was set in order and the window curtains carefully looped back, we were no doubt welcome to a glimpse of an Alaskan interior. It was the least little bit like a peep-show, and didn't seem quite real. One inscription was as follows—it was over the door of the laureate:

JOSEPH BODOLQUIN.
My tum-tum is white,
I try to do right;
All are welcome to come
To my hearth and my home.
So call in and see me, white, red, or black man,
I'm the de-late hyas of the Kootanaaboo quon.

Need I add that tum-tum in the Chinook jargon signifies the soul? Joseph merely announced that he was clean-shaven; likewise ne-late hyas, that is above reproach.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

At Pasteur's Headquarters in Paris.

A most extraordinary museum has just been opened in the Rue Vauguilin. It is difficult to say whether it should best be called a museum, or a factory, or a farm, or a menagerie. It is in fact all four combined, and grouped together for a purpose hitherto untried, and presenting an appearance hitherto unparalleled. These are the new headquarters of M. Pasteur, and here are to be found cow-houses, sheepfolds, fowl walks, rabbit hutches, and dog kennels. They are all, moreover, fully occupied.

On one floor is a laboratory, where the vaccine soups and preparations are made up. Above it is a museum, where specimens connected with the new era are exhibited. There are operating rooms and rooms for post-mortem investigations and dissecting purposes. Two of the kennels are devoted to dogs in various interesting stages of early or advanced rabies. "Hen cholera" is communicated, watched, and cured in the fowl-house. The cattle exhibit various stages of vaccination. Human beings have also their provided quarter. A spacious waiting-room is set apart for patients, who troop in daily in picturesque groups—according to the French press—representing all nationalities. In the mean time the great savant occupies the former quarters of the Pasteur institute in the Rue d'Ulm, and devotes himself in dignified seclusion to scientific research.

The Love Affairs of John Adams.

John Adams' love affairs were numerous. In 1764, the year in which he was married, he writes in his diary: "I was of an amorous disposition, and very early, from 10 to 11 years of age, was very fond of the society of females. I shall draw no characters nor give any enumeration of my youthful flames. It would be considered as no compliment to the dead or to the living. This I will say: They were all modest and virtuous girls, and always maintained their character through life. No virgin or matron ever had cause to blush at the sight of or regret her acquaintance with me. * * * These reflections, to me consolatory beyond expression, I am able to make with truth and sincerity; and I presume I am indebted for this blessing to my education.—Frank J. Carpenter in Lippincott's Magazine.

Cases of Rabies in Paris.

It is officially reported, according to "The Gazette Hebdomadaire de medecine et de chirurgie," that during the year 1885, 518 animals were ascertained to be affected with rabies, including 403 dogs, 13 cats, and 2 horses, and 527 were reported as suspected to be suffering with the disease; sixty-four bites by rabid animals were officially reported, and nineteen persons died of rabies.—Medical Journal.

A young woman of Ithaca, N. Y., has nearly 1,000 silk worms suspended in paper cones, and all spinning away industriously.

Cattle Raiders Crossing the Border.

Stock raisers in Montana have leased extensive cattle ranges from the Dominion government for a term of twenty-one years, and are driving great herds of cattle across the border into Northwest territory.—Inter Ocean.

The Roll of the Ocean Wave.

It has long been a question of doubt as to how far beneath the surface the roll of the ocean could be felt. A diver at work on the Oregon at a depth of 100 feet found it so heavy that he could not keep his position while making fast to a trunk which was to be hoisted up.—Philadelphia Call.

To talk is nature; to listen a gift.—Jud Lafagan.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT

Life Insurance Company.

NEWARK, N. J.

AMZIDODD, - - - - President.

ASSETS (Market Value) - - - - \$39,615,319 92

LIABILITIES (4 per cent Reserve) - - - - 35,857,927 70

SURPLUS - - - - 3,757,391 62

SURPLUS (New York Standard) - - - - 5,411,341 64

Policies Absolutely Non-Forfeitable After Second Year.

IN CASE OF LAISE, the Policy is CONTINUED IN FORCE as long as the value will pay for, or, if preferred, a full up Policy for its full value is issued in exchange.

After the third year Policies are UNFORFEITABLE, except as against loans (usual fund), and all restrictions as to travel or occupation are removed.

CASH LOANS are made to the extent of 50 per cent. of the reserve value where valid assignments of the Policies can be made as collateral security. LOANERS paid immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

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MARTIN R. DENNIS & CO.,

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